

The COURTIER

A Milk-white Rogue Immortal and unhang'd,
 By fate and Parliaments severely bang'd,
 Without, a Saint, a Devil was within,
 He fought all dangers for he knew all sin.
 Resolv'd for Grandure, and t'acquire Wealth,
 Rob'd some by force; and others trick'd by stealth;
 A Wheedling fauning, parsimonious knave,
 The Princes favour he resolv'd to have,
 The only means by which he thought to rise,
 He shuff'd Cards and slyly cog'd his Dyce.
 A True state Juggler could make things appear,
 Such, as would please his Princes Eyes or Ear;
 Produc'd false lights his Monarch to mislead,
 Which made him from his paths of Intrest trade,
 Hee skreen'd all Villains from due course of Laws,
 And from his Prince, his truest subjects draws,
 Till angry Senates the Vile monster took,
 And from the root the upstart Cedar shook,
 Squeez'd the Curst sponge had suck'd the Nations Coin,
 And made him Cast up what he did purloin.
 Then on a Gibbet did the monster dye,
 A just example to posterity.

Let favorites beware how they abuse
 Their Princes Goodness or the peoples laws,
 How they Clandestine methods ever use,
 To propogate a base unrighteous Cause,
 The princes favour like a horse untam'd,
 Does often break the giddy riders neck;
 On him who for preferments so much fam'd,
 The People oft their bloody vengeance wreak,
 Let these beware how they mislead their Prince,
 Or robe the treasure of a potent Nation:
 Or multiply enormous crimes for hence,
 Comes hanging oft or noble decollation.